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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor,
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1776, and is now the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—historical, state, local and general news, and general information, including foreign and household departments, extending on many households in this and other states. The printed space given to news is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALIBUS LODGE: No. N. & D. P., John Allen, Master; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, James McLean, President; Alex. McClellan, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings in each month.

Renwood Lodge, No. N. K., of P. Albert C. Chadbourn, Chanceller Commander; Daniel P. Bell, Keeper of Records and Seal; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, J. R. K. P., Sir Knight Captain —; Charles H. Ellis, Recorder; meets 1st Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

Justice.

Much has been said of the careless and very reckless manner of some bicyclists. While this is all very true, and no one can deny that many accidents occur simply from the fact of the break-neck speed that many bicycle riders go at, still less is said of the carelessness and greediness of some of the concholins and cash drivers. Recently a young woman was riding down Thames street at a slow rate of speed. In the opposite direction came a span of horses belonging to one of our summer residents, driven by a coachman. Without a word of warning, or even the slightest signal, the horses were turned directly to the side of the bicyclist, not even allowing her space to pass by. In order to save herself and her wheel, she was obliged to jump and at that very moment to swing her wheel onto the sidewalk. Otherwise, a serious accident would certainly have occurred.

All this she did in an instant, but not without allowing the driver of the carriage to know what she thought of him. This is only one of many such instances. There are certain streets in the city where the cars are driven very fast and in turning corners often the bicyclist has to dismount to allow a car to pass, when there is plenty of room for both to pass to the same corner. Often times the bicycle rider, carrying the bell attached to the wheel, and no more notice is taken of it than though it were never rung.

Both the carriage and bicycle have the same privileges—what is fair for one is fair for the other—and if the drivers of all vehicles would show a certain amount of respect due the bicyclists as they pass, the accidents that occur would be fewer and the bitter feeling that exists between the bicyclist and carriage driver would be removed. A little care shown on either side would go a great way.

On Wednesday evening of this week occurred the annual inspection of Washington Commandery No. 4, R. I. The members turned out in full numbers. The inspecting officer was E. G. H. Kenyon of Providence, Grand Captain General of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was accompanied by R. E. Geo. H. Burnham of Providence and other members of the Grand Commandery. A collation was served at the close of the meeting.

Mrs. Otis D. Sleeper made a visit to Providence this past week, and on Tuesday visited Sabin Point Lighthouse, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Webster.

Through the kindness of Mr. O. H. Belmont, the parishioners and Sunday school of the Berkeley Memorial Church held their picnic at Gray Craig Park last week.

Mrs. William Irving Lyons, the soprano soloist at Trinity Church, has tendered her resignation, owing to ill health, to take effect September 1st.

Mr. William H. Pascoe, formerly of this city, the well-known actor, spent a few days with his relatives here before starting on his theatrical season.

Mrs. Archib. Delaney, of Providence, has been spending a few days in Newport, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Weaver, on Third street.

Commandery Ladies' Day.

Washington Commandery voted on Wednesday night to have a ladies' day outing on Labor Day, September 1st. The Commandery with its ladies will leave Newport on the 10 o'clock Wickford boat. At Wickford a short parade will be made, after which the Commandery and its ladies will take special electric cars for Narragansett Pier. At the Pier they will take dinner at one of the hotels. After dinner carriages will be taken for a drive to Point Judith, along as fine a road as Bellevue Avenue, Newport. At Point Judith it is expected that an exhibition drill will be given at the Life Saving Station for the benefit of the party. On returning the company will have a few hours time at the Pier, where those who wish to dance can do so and those who wish to see the sights can take them in. At a little before 9 p. m. the special cars will be taken for a return trip to Wickford and Newport, where the party will arrive by steamer General at 10:30 p. m. It is expected that this will be one of the pleasantest short trips ever made by the Commandery.

Mr. Coggeshall was born in New Bedford, but came to Newport at an early age. He was much interested in all that concerned the welfare of Newport and was ready to do his part and work for its interest. When living in Newport he was a member of the Newport Business Men's Association, St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and an honorary member of the Newport Artillery. Mr. Coggeshall was three times married and leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters.

Henry D. DeBlois, Jr.

Mr. Henry D. DeBlois, Jr., of Middletown, son of Mr. Henry D. DeBlois, of this city, died very suddenly early Thursday morning while on his milk route in this city. Officer Leary discovered the body outside the gate of the City Asylum, on Broadway, beside two of his milk cans. He was accustomed to leave two cans of milk at the asylum each day, and it is supposed that while he was about to make his customary visit he was struck down and died from the effects of heart disease. He was all alone at the time.

Officer Leary at once telephoned to the Police Station and the ambulance was sent to his assistance. On its arrival the body was brought to the station and Dr. Darrall was summoned. After making an examination, he pronounced death due to heart failure.

Mr. DeBlois, who has a large farm in Middletown, showed no signs of illness before he left home and was apparently in good health and spirits. His death came as a great shock. The deceased was a native of this city, being educated in the public schools. For several years he was employed as clerk in the National Exchange Bank. About fifteen years ago he purchased a farm in Middletown, known as the Tompkins farm, on the West Main road.

Mr. DeBlois leaves a widow, a daughter of Mr. George A. Hazard, of this city, and two children.

Mary Elizabeth White.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth White, of 63 Angell street, Providence, died very suddenly on the steamer which left Newport for Providence Monday afternoon. She had been paying a visit to friends in this city. She became overheated from running to the boat and died about fifteen minutes after the boat left the city.

On the arrival of the Warwick in Providence Medical Examiner Perkins was summoned and ordered the remains taken to Undertaker Horace B. Knowles, and after preparation for burial the body was taken to the residence of the deceased.

Mrs. White was sixty years of age, and had conducted a popular boarding house for many years. Two sons survive her: Everett W. White of Providence and Fred E. White, a Pawtucket policeman.

Joseph P. Barker.

News was received last week of the death in Providence on Friday of Mr. Joseph P. Barker, formerly a resident of this city. Mr. Barker conducted a boarding house on the corner of Broadway and Pleasant street for many years and was well and favorably known throughout the city. He was one of the members of the party leaving Newport in the Audley Clarke in 1819 for the California gold fields. He was a brother of George C. Barker and the late Paul M. Barker, of this city. Several years ago he took up his residence in Providence, and a few weeks ago received a fall and died from the effects of it. He was 75 years old at the time of his death.

Elizabeth A. Kelly.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Kelly died very suddenly at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Mary Roach, on Saturday morning last. The intense heat that had prevailed during the week had greatly affected her and she was struck down and expired before a physician arrived.

Samuel J. Harrison, who was one of the participants in a scene on the 11th a few months ago, has been released from jail, plaintiff acknowledging satisfaction in suit.

The medical examiner pronounced the cause of death heart failure.

Recent Deaths.

Thomas Coggeshall.

Word was received from New York on Thursday by Mr. James Coggeshall, announcing the death of his father, Hon. Thomas Coggeshall, of this city. Mr. Coggeshall was probably better known by all classes—men, women and children—than any other man in this city. He had served both the city and state, being for many years a member of the city council, president of the lower board in that body, and later mayor. He was also postmaster for a long period and was a member and at one time chairman of the public school committee; a member of the state legislature; and a member and chairman of the state board of charities and corrections.

He was also prominent in the establishment of the Newport & Wickford Railroad & Steamboat Company. Some years since his health began to fail and as time went on his mental faculties began to impair, and he was taken to New York, making his home with his son.

Mr. Coggeshall was born in New Bedford, but came to Newport at an early age. He was much interested in all that concerned the welfare of Newport and was ready to do his part and work for its interest. When living in Newport he was a member of the Newport Business Men's Association, St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and an honorary member of the Newport Artillery. Mr. Coggeshall was three times married and leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters.

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Mrs. Henry W. Vernon.

Mrs. Susan Vernon, widow of Henry W. Vernon, died at her residence on Martin street Thursday after a long and lingering illness. She was a most estimable old lady. When the bell of Trinity Church was tolled Thursday morning and it was learned that it was for Mrs. Vernon it brought to many people's minds the fact that she was the oldest member of that parish, in which she was deeply interested. Her husband was a brother of the late George E. Vernon. Mrs. Vernon was a daughter of the late John L. Barker and was eighty-six years of age.

Miss Harriet Watson.

Mrs. Harriet Watson died at Wakefield on Wednesday, after an illness of over five months' duration, in her eighty-second year. Her funeral takes place from the residence of her nephew, Mr. Irving Watson, corner of Prospect avenue and Main street, Wakefield, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. The interment will be in the Watson family burial ground, north of Peacedale.

The Astor Cup.

August Belmont's 70-foot sloop Minola finished first in one of the best races ever sailed off Newport over the Vineyard Sound lightship course of 38 miles. She won the \$500 Astor cup for sloops by a margin of one minute six seconds. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Rainbow being the second boat.

Lewis Cass Leedy, commodore of the New York Yacht Club, with his yacht Corona, formerly cup defender Columbia, won the \$1,000 gold cup offered by Col. John Jacob Astor for schooners.

Read Commodore Robinson's special cup for the 51-foot class was won by the Star, and the cup offered by Harry Redmond, owner of the Syce, was won by the Isold.

The Mineola defeats the Rainbow 45 seconds, the Yankee 1 minute 45 seconds, the Virginia 57 seconds, the Isold 3 minute 27 seconds, the Astrid 18 minutes 41 seconds, the Shark 19 minutes 44 seconds, the Altair 22 minutes 24 seconds, the Hester 23 minutes 41 seconds. The Corona beat the Quisetta 11 minutes 14 seconds.

The Virginia and Mineola allowed the Yankee 16 seconds and the Rainbow 24 seconds, the Hester 7 minutes 19 seconds, the Astrid 18 minutes 32 seconds, the Altair 35 minutes 22 seconds, and the Shark 35 minutes 22 seconds. The Corona beat the Quisetta 11 minutes 42 seconds.

At the annual re-union of the Ninth Rhode Island Volunteers' Veteran Association, held at Seacourt Point on Saturday last, Col. John Hare Powell was re-elected president and J. L. Greene, of Company I, and John H. Stacy, of Company I, were among the vice presidents elected. Col. Powell is the only surviving field officer of the old Ninth Regiment.

Baron Russell, of Killowen, lord chief justice of England, who died last week, was well known among the summer colony. Two seasons ago Hon. Henry White entertained the Baron at his cottage, "Edgarton," on Harrison avenue.

The railroad company is putting an extra track down, extending from Vassau Avenue to beyond Bridge street. Owing to this the switch house at Elm street is being set back and a new one is to be erected at the Poplar street crossing, the old one to be taken away.

Master Crowley, son of Police Officer Crowley, was the recipient of a number of interesting cups sent by Quarter-master Joseph Campbell from China. Campbell is a Newport boy, and is now with the naval forces in China.

A small row boat, containing about half a dozen people, capsized at the float of the New York Yacht Club landing Monday evening. All hands were quickly rescued after receiving an unexpected bath.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, who has been abroad for the past six weeks, will sail for this country today, accompanied by his son, Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., and his niece, Miss Anna M. Spaulding.

A very enjoyable dance was given at Fort Adams Wednesday evening, in honor of Battery C, Seventh United States Artillery, which left for San Francisco, en route for China Thursday evening.

Mrs. George Dewey, of Washington, D. C., is guest of her mother, Mrs. Washington McLean, at Narragansett Pier. It is expected that the Admiral will join her in a few days.

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The inmates of the Children's Home spent a very enjoyable day at Morton Park on Wednesday.

Red Men's Day.

Tuesday of this week was Red Men's day and, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather in the morning, the braves and their families were in evidence at Crescent Park in large numbers. The parade in Providence was an unqualified success, all the tribes being well represented. The Narragansett Tribe and the Seventh Artillery Band received a large share of the applause along the line of march. At Crescent Park a first class shore dinner was served at 5 o'clock, after which an opportunity was given all who desired to view the construction of an Osage Indian grave which Manager Stone and Lieutenants Johnson and Newhall, with one hundred and fifty battery men. The men presented a soldierly appearance and their uniforms looked neat and clean and their large campaign hats added much to their appearance.

Crowds had gathered at the wharf, including wives and sweethearts. After boarding the steamer, a rousing send-off was again extended the company and in return the men shouted, waving their campaign hats to one and all and finally as the boat sailed out were lost to sight.

Thursday evening Grand Regiment R. S. Franklin made an official visit to Mount Hope Compt. Royal Armament of Bristol. He chartered one of Champion's largest launches and took with him a party of some fifteen members of Coronet Council of this city. The visitors were tendered a very cordial reception at Bristol.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, will be held at the Newport Casino on Wednesday, Aug. 29th, the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island; at 8 p. m. After the business of the meeting has been transacted the annual dinner will take place in the Casino.

The pleasantest way to get to Narragansett Pier from Newport is via the Wickford steamer to Wickford and the Sea View electric road from Wickford station to the Pier. It is proposed to sell through tickets from Newport via this route.

Word was received of the marriage in Richmond, Va., on Wednesday last, of Judge John T. Blodgett, of the Rhode Island Supreme Court, to Miss Any Lacy, daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Merrifield Bemis of New Orleans.

FOR THE FARMER

A FILIPINO GIRL

I consider red clover, either the medium or Mammoth varieties, the best to use for hay for either colts or calves, as they are growing and require a feed rich in bone forming material, says a correspondent of *The Prairie Farmer*. It should be cut when the first brown heads appear, as the heads and leaves do not break off so easily and the hay is eaten up soon. For cows and horses I would prefer shredded corn fodder, clover, alfalfa or cane in the order mentioned. For the small farmer I consider clover and timothy pay an expensive feed. To harvest two tons of hay per acre requires ground rich enough to produce 50 bushels of corn and 1½ tons of fodder. This crop if rightfully handled will bring in more dollars than the two tons of hay. Milk cows do well on this fodder, but of course should have a little grain of some kind added. For work horses I would prefer shredded corn fodder to hay, as it is slightly loosening, and there is no danger of heaves. It takes up very little barn room, and what little is thrown out as bedding is easily shoveled out with the cleanings of the stable. Sweet corn drilled thick in 30 inch rows and cultivated as for a crop of corn is perhaps best for the fodder crop. This crop, either shredded or threshed, is an ideal feed for the production of milk and butter. It can be cut with an ordinary grain binder and if put in small shocks will cure out perfectly. Any farmer who is short on hay will be sure to adopt this as a regular crop after once trying it. Millet is a valuable feed for all stock if cut when the first few heads turn yellow. We hear and read of a great many objections to millet, especially as feed for horses, but after feeding from 2 to 15 acres of it yearly for 20 years I have yet to have any trouble with it.

Breeding Potatoes.

It is conceded by most men who are well versed in the raising of potatoes that there's one certain sort of the tuber that will do better than any other in any given locality, and it ought to be the endeavor of every practical farmer to get the most out of his ground, whether in the way of roots or grain. The potato that will do best in any district or soil is the one that is brought to perfection in that soil itself, and hence any farmer raising any large quantity of potatoes will do well to form a subvariety, bred and perfected under the conditions prevailing on his own acres. To get this kind of a potato is not so hard as might be expected, says *The Breeder's Gazette*, though the matter of selection may occupy several years. Some of the best known varieties of the potato have been obtained by cutting one of the eyes from a potato of one kind and then inserting it in a whole tuber of some other kind, the two potatoes chosen for the trial being representatives of the sorts that have done best on the land for which the new stock is wanted. The eye that is to grow ought to be cut from the potato with quite a large pointed piece of the tuber attached, and it ought then to be inserted in the mother tuber tightly fitting into a hole of the same shape prepared to receive it. The eyes on the mother tuber ought then to be destroyed and the planting done.

Adjust the Plow Properly.

It requires considerable experience to properly adjust a plow to run steadily at the several depths it may be desired to use it, says a correspondent of *The American Agriculturist*. When properly adjusted to a certain depth and width of furrow, it should and will in land free from obstruction run so steady as to require the handles to be used only at the end of the furrow. Yet as most plows are adjusted it is the hardest work to keep them in an upright position, as you are obliged to bear heavily on the handles to keep them from going in too deeply or to raise up the handles to make them cling to the ground, or when a wheel is used it bears heavily on the axle. In this age of improvements any farmer who will purchase a plow that cannot be adjusted to the right or left, deep or shallow, the handles raised or lowered to suit the height of the plowman, deserves to, as he will, find plowing anything but an easy job. There are plenty of such improved plows, so don't take an out of date one because it is offered at a reduced price. The best is none too good. Let the "other fellow" buy the obsolete tool.

Sheep Pasture.

Rough ground may be turned into good pastures for sheep without plowing, says *The Sheep Breeder*. If the land is covered with trees, it may be scratched over as well as may be by a harrow, so as to get cover for as much grass as possible. The main thing to be done is to start the grass; the sheep will do the rest. Once started, the grass will thicken and spread. After the beginning has been made it is easy to improve the grass by scattering seed during a rain, or, indeed, at any time, even in dry weather, as the first rain will start growth, and the treading of the sheep will pack the soil and insure the safety of the young roots. The best grasses for a sheep pasture are those with creeping roots, as the common red top, the blue grasses, orchard grass and tall meadow oat grass, while clover is one of the most valuable of this family of pasture plants. The quantity of seed to be sown is 20 pounds of each of the grasses and 10 pounds of the white clover to the acre or the equivalent.

Naturally.

"They say Robert Grant's story of Unleavened Bread is selling extensively," "Yes, it naturally brings in the dough,"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Lady (in a bird-store)—Pretty Polly; does Polly want a cracker?

Polly (sororily)—No thank you, we call the telephone book our calling list now.—*Bazar*.

When you are carving a turkey, and ask a visitor if he prefers the light meat or the dark, and he answers that he hasn't any preference, give him the neck. *Somerville Journal*.

IVORINE Washing Powder
24 OZ. PACKAGE
Cake of Williams "White Glycerine" Toilet Soap in Every Package. 10¢

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Pointer in Preserving Days
A Woman's Invention—Thoughts on House Decorations.

Phroso Gallo is dead. Arish Holliman does not care. Phroso died in the Philippines. Holliman is a policeman in Wichita. Once he was a trooper in Company H, Eighteenth Infantry.

Now he patrols a lonely beat in Wichita. His conscience must patroll along with him always—if he has any—and away out in the Philippines, under the damp earth, lies all that is mortal of Phroso Gallo. She died in disguise. Her heart was broken too. She was a Filipina, and she loved a Yankee trooper.

One day in the early part of September, 1898, the peaceful town of Cavite was disturbed. The American soldiers marched through the narrow streets and hurried for freedom. Phroso Gallo looked out of her shop window at the big, tall, bronzed troopers and sighed.

Phroso Gallo kept her aged parents by running a little lemonade stand during the weekdays, but on Sunday she was a saint.

After awhile some of the bronzed soldiers came back. They had pitched camp and would rest there. A handsome fellow stopped at Phroso's counter, tipped back his hat and smiled. The little brown girl blushed.

"Does the big American want a drink?" she inquired modestly.

"That's what I stopped for," he said almost gruffly.

She mixed him a soft drink with her soft hands. The trooper stood back, admiring the charming young Filipino girl.

"To your health," he smiled, before drinking.

"But no," she replied. "That is wrong. You must not—no." She produced a crucifix.

"Anything goes with me." And the soldier walked away, glad he was in Cavite.

"Lovely girl!" was his verdict. "Nice and modest. Wonder if she kills? Well, here goes again."

After that Phroso saw the trooper often. He became a hard drinker, and she was always his bartender. Other troopers lay in their tents and cursed the climate, but Holliman was happy. He played the guitar and sang to her. He would laugh and joke about the war, but Phroso said little. Her heart was sad, and happy too. She loved her country, and she loved the big, tall soldier.

Every Sunday the brown-skinned beauty went to the little cathedral. There the natives gave her 2 cents each for the "cause." She prayed with the natives, and many gave their souls to God under the hearing of her beautiful voice. Justly she had earned the title of saint.

One night Holliman entered the church. That was after he had spoken of his great love for her. Phroso came to him and kneeled upon the floor and prayed. He remained unmoved. "Senor," she pleaded, "will you not pray with your servitor?"

All the Filipinos looked at him. Her betrothed! "The devil will be to pay if I don't," he thought, so he sank beside the girl who loved him.

The news that Holliman was betrothed to the Filipino saint soon became camp talk, but the Yankee trooper staid out of church. He was afraid there.

But one day the troops were ordered away. Holliman went to Phroso to say goodbye, but she would not have him go.

"But I must go. It would mean disaster. Then I need the money I get for fighting."

"Do not talk about the money," the girl said. "See, I will steal for you. Here are the church collections. Take them, but stay with me."

Holliman agreed that if she would let him take the things she offered to his tent he would pack up his trunk, leave the army and take her back to America with him.

"Ah, that is so nice! But we will be happy in your land. See? I will gladly steal from my people to be with you. It will disgrace me here, but, sir, what do I care? You, you will be with me always. Ah, everything is so good!"

She kissed the big, bronzed man, and went into the shop to wait for his return. A man came in, and she put salt in his lemonade. He cursed, but she smiled and looked out of the little dirty window. Her native lover, Emile Fernando, came to have a chat with Phroso.

She looked at him in a faraway manner. "Something, sir?" she said.

Fernando looked surprised, but she was far away, so he got up and left her.

"I do not care about my people any more; it is he, Ah, but why don't he leave?" She stamped her pretty little foot angrily.

The little clock ticked off the hours, and Trooper Holliman did not return. Then Phroso went to the church and prayed. She knew he had deceived her. It meant disgrace and death, perhaps. The natives would care.

"I pray God to make me a brave girl, for I will confess tomorrow," she said aloud, rising from the alter. Emile Fernando heard her. He had been in silent communion.

"Ah," she sighed, "it is too bad to tell Emile, but I must. I am a wicked, worldly woman!"

"Nay, it is not so," the Filipino said. "I, who have known you always, say it is I, who dared deny me!"

"Yes, but you do not know all." And she told him the story of her trooper lover. Fernando was a good man, but he loved the little girl from the bottom of his heart, so he suggested that she flee from disgrace. Anything suited the disengaged woman, and so Cavite, when it lost the Yankee soldiers, also missed the two who had stayed.

The trooper went out into many battles and he fought for his country. The campaign over, Holliman came to Wichita and secured a position on the police force. He thought his flirtation ended until he received a yellow stained letter written in a crumpled hand. It was from the Filipino. He said Phroso had killed herself because he (Holliman) deserted her.—*Exchange*.

Never Despair.

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man that loses his courage loses all. There is no more hope for him than a dead man. But it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world, if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head and with an unconquerable will determines to live and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills. It is what is within that makes or not makes.

"Is Mrs. Barkis on your calling list, Mrs. Montmorency?"

"Yes, but not on my visiting list. We call the telephone book our calling list now.—*Bazar*.

When you are carving a turkey, and ask a visitor if he prefers the light meat or the dark, and he answers that he hasn't any preference, give him the neck. *Somerville Journal*.

Charles M. Cole,

Pharmacist,

802 THAMES STREET.

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THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

"The Diamond C"

HAMS,

SHOULDERS

and

BACON

ADMITTED FROM R. I.

PORK AND CORN CURED,

SHOVED, AND ARE

THE BEST.

For Sale at

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Stoves!

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BEST VARIETY.

NO RISE IN PRICE.

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W. K. COVELL,

163 Thames Street.

ARCTIC ICE CO.

WHOLESALE

AND

Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.

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RECOLLECTIONS

—OR—

OLDEN TIMES

by the late

THOMAS R. HAZARD (Shepherd Tom.)

containing a history of the

ROBINSON, HAZARD & SWEET

FAMILIES.

This rare work is now out of print and no

over twenty-five copies remain in the publisher's hands. It will not be reprinted.

Send for our "WEEKLY RECORD OF

PRICES" on NEW YORK, BOST

Don't Hesitate.

There is just one thing to use if your stomach is "out of order" and that "one thing" is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The suppression is that you want a prompt cure and a lasting cure. That is why the "Discovery" is recommended, as the one thing for your condition. It cures promptly, perfectly and permanently, diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It's sure to help. It's almost sure to cure. It has completely cured ninety-eight per cent. of all those who have given it a fair and faithful trial.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. Wm. Connolly, of 535 Walnut St., Lorain, Ohio. "I go so often to the doctor I got quite tired of it, two and three days in a week, my stomach would bloat and I would belch up gas, and was just about dizzy at such times. I have been to the best doctor in this city but got no help whatever. Some said I had cancer of the stomach, others dyspepsia. I have bought and tried everything I saw advertised for dyspepsia and stomach trouble, but continued to get worse. One day a local brewer who was also in such a condition that my friends had some fear about my recovery, I wrote to you for advice. You told me that by my symptoms you thought I had liver complaint and advised the use of your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Measures" in connection with it. I have taken a few tablets and am very happy to state that I commenced to get better from the start and have not lost a day this summer on account of my stomach. I feel tip-top, and better than I have for ten years."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the liver.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles. The quality of our goods is such that we guarantee the making of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

196 Thames Street,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Artistic Beauty

and Permanence

are the desirable qualities combined in our

"Mezzo-Tints."

We have a large collection on exhibition at the Studio, and invite you to call and see the particular attention paid to children's portraits.

F. H. CHILD,

212 THAMES STREET.

J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect and Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Building, Mason, Tile and Stone Work executed with dispatch.

Shop 63 Hill St. Office 70 Pelham St.
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PROV. BLANK BOOK-MANF'Y

REAR OF POST OFFICE

37 CUSTOM HOUSE STREET, PROVIDENCE.

Blank Books, writing or retail, on hand or made to order. Book Binding, Paper Cutting, Edge Gilding, Gift Lettering, Machine Perfoming and Paper Cutting. H. M. COMBES & CO., Binders to the State.

HAVING PURCHASED THE

Shop and Good Will

—OF—

Mr. Lewis Skinner,
ON PERRY WHARF.

Should be pleased to notify the public, that I shall carry on the business in connection with my present stand on Commercial wharf.

ALL HORSESHOEING

—AND—

JOBING

promptly attended to at either place.

J. B. BACHELLER.

WATER.

All PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Market street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

W.M. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

GOLDRECKS

Diastatic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of malt, containing a large percentage of diastase and containing a moderate amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starch, food converting it into dextrose and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Disease, Arthritis, due to overuse, debility or infirmities, Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases the strength, lactation, and supplies sugar and phosphorus to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In Diabetes it exerts a quiet and natural effect.

DIRECTIONS.—A small amount with each meal and on rising to bed, or as may be directed by the physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste.

Children in Proportion to their Weight.

Dr. W. SHERMAN,
Solid.

28 and 30 King St., New York, N. Y.

Too Much Hiring.

Sucks—Aw, what are you reading now, Miss Putenright.

Miss Putenright—Oh, it's a book on the "High Development of Woman."

Sucks—Aw—er—everything seems to be on the hire system nowadays.

Old Not Work.

Nephew—I really must say, uncle, that if you drink less brandy than you do, you would lengthen your days.

Uncle—You're right my boy! I tried taking less last Sunday, and, be Jabels!

It was the longest day I ever remember.

Between Friends.

"It's so sweet of you, dear, to like the vase I sent you on your birthday."

"I was delighted beyond words. Why, I have wished for them every time I looked in the windows of the five-cent store."

Nothing at All.

Mistress—So the dealer in antiquities whom you last served, discharged you. How was that?

Maid—Nothing at all, ma'am, I assure you! I had lost my gloves and borrowed a shabby old pair that belonged to Martha Washington to wear to a picnic!

Hard Luck.

"Just my luck!" whined McGinnis. "I faked up a big excuse to the boss about my sister going to be married a week from next Wednesday and he let me off with alacrity."

"Don't see any hard luck about that," said Coddington.

"You don't? Come to find out a week from next Wednesday is a holiday, and I'd be off anyhow!"

Sounds Strange.

"My children," said the Patriarch, "follow in my footsteps and lead a fast life and you will be honored."

Strange advice from the father of a family.

Not when you take into consideration the fact that it was a racehorse who was speaking.

The Reason.

New Resident—Do you trade with the provision dealer on the next street?

Old Resident—I have bought of him only once. The second time he came to my house I had him kicked out.

Little Jannie—Oh, yes, I remember, just! he brought the bill!

A Peaceful Exit.

"Did you have any words with your mistress which caused you to leave your last place?"

"Never a wor'rd! Shure an' I locked her in the bathroom, and took all me things, and shipped off as quiet as ye place,"—Harper's Bazaar.

An Up-to-Date Engagement.

"So Miss Newrich and young Clubman are engaged?"

"Yes, but only conditionally. If old Newrich's nest speculation fails, Clubman will consider himself released, and if Miss Newrich finds that she can secure a title, the affair will be off as far as she is concerned."

Punished.

"What are you reading, my little man?"

"Papa's poems."

"What, you have been naughty again?"

In the Nursery.

Dorothy—Yes, Perie, I suppose we might become engaged; but I am too young to marry, you know.

Perie—Foolish girl! Who ever thought of marriage at one's first engagement?

A Severe Cure.

Housemaid—Doctor, what can I do for these inflamed eyes?

Doctor—Rest them. Don't look through a single keyhole for two weeks.

A Sure Sign.

"Has your daughter already accomplished something in music?"

"Well, I don't want to be too confident, but two tenants have left already."

Jess—Is she really so awfully home?

"Tessa—Well, I should say so. The girls who graduated with her wouldn't allow her to figure in the composite photograph of the class,"—Philadelphia Press.

That Funeral.

Employer—Was much feeling shown at your grandmother's funeral?

Bookkeeper—Yes; they mobbed the vampire,—Harper's Bazaar.

Commercial Instinct.

"Dad, will you buy me a watch?"

"What for, my boy?"

"Gates, Freddie Jones has a dog I want, dad, and he's says he'll change it for a watch."

Then Question the Doubt.

After all Chipping dispatches write "doubtful,"—Boston Herald.

He was a newspaper man. "Late war news kill me down town," he stammered as he entered the house, at 8:30 a.m.

"Humph!" replied his wife. "Well, we'll have a little more war news right here for a late edition." And the battle was on,—Philadelphia North American.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases lactation, and supplies sugar and phosphorus to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In Diabetes it exerts a quiet and natural effect.

DIRECTIONS.—A small amount with each meal and on rising to bed, or as may be directed by the physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

British public expenditure for supplies is running, by last returns, \$3,000,000 per week beyond 1890.

The Afghans never leave their homes without having an arsenal of weapons in their belts. Arms are their adornments.

Viper hunters are wanted at Bozen, Tyrol. The snakes are so abundant as to be a source of danger, and the government offers 15 cents for each head.

According to an article in Globus, about 30,000,000 persons left Europe during the century just closing to seek to better their fortunes in other lands.

One of the biggest women in the world lives in Greece, at a little village near Corinth. Her name is Vassiliki Callaudji; she is 22 years old, and her height is six feet 7 1/2 inches.

In Europe the deaths among children between the ages of one year and five years generally amount to a little less than 50 out of every 1,000 living, whereas in Cairo they exceeded 80 per 1,000.

Paintings by the Barbizon school are likely to become scarce, owing to the death of M. Trouillebert, who used to supply them to the market. He painted "Corots" and "Diazes" which it was almost impossible to tell from the genuine pictures.

NEW CONDUCTOR'S STRATEGY.

The Terror's Position Was Turned After a Frontal Attack on Hill Had Failed.

James Terry, the Terror of the Red Rock mining district, had a reputation for trying to ride on rallying trains without paying his fare. He also had the name of being a bad man when he had about half a cargo of strong drink aboard. So when the trainees of the evening passenger train between Tecumseh and Red Rock saw him get aboard at Tecumseh, they thought there would probably be trouble, as they had a new conductor that evening and was unacquainted with the Terror and didn't know how to handle him.

As the train moved out of the station and the conductor, Billy McMasters, started through the cars to collect tickets, the Terror, who had dropped into a rear seat in the last car, was very much interested in as much of the passing landscape as he could see out of the car window in the gathering darkness. Finally the conductor reached the Terror, and stretched out his hand for a ticket. But it was no use. Mr. Terry kept his eyes fastened on the whirling panorama of lights outside. McMasters began to realize that he was booked for trouble.

"Ticket, please," said McMasters.

As he approached the Terror, who was in the rear of the train, he said, "Get off the train, or I'll shoot you."

"Never a wor'rd! Shure an' I locked her in the bathroom, and took all me things, and shipped off as quiet as ye place,"—Harper's Bazaar.

Conductor McMasters was a good strategist. He saw at a glance that it would be a needless risk of life and blood to carry Terry's entrenched position by a frontal attack. He therefore reached for the signal cord and started the train.

When the train stopped at the next station, Hollygrove, a figure moved stealthily along the station platform from the baggage car to a position directly under the window where the Terror of Red Rock stood, master of the situation. There had always been enmity between the Hollygrover and the Red Rockites, and it took very little to provoke a mix-up when men from the two places met. When the figure, who was that of one of McMasters' brakemen, reached the Terror's window he uttered a loud yell:

"I kin lick the best man from Red Rock that ever lived. I kin lick two men from that dead town with my right hand tied behind my back," was what the figure said.

The Terror of Red Rock grew red in the face. He surely couldn't allow such insults to be hurled against his town without resenting them.

Quick as a flash he threw up the window sash and stuck out his head and shoulders.

"Where's the mut that

Paris Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PARIS, France, July 30, 1900.
The questions most frequently asked about the Paris Exposition are, "Is it a success?" and "How do you think it compares with the World's Fair at Chicago?" A whole volume, even an encyclopedia, might be written in reply to either of these questions. For Paris, the Exposition is a success. It has brought thousands of visitors and millions of francs to this city and has convinced the world for the one hundredth time that there is no capital (let us be thankful for the fact) like Paris. It is a tremendous advertisement for the modes of luxury and taste for which Paris is famous. It has diverted or perhaps only postponed a political crisis which, in France, is always imminent or in revolution. His Maj. may be able to record that this Exposition by its restraining influence, imposes good behavior on a host of amateur entertainers, enabled the nation to take over and ameliorate the conditions which threatened to involve the Civil Government in a death struggle with the allied forces of militarism and Catholicism. If the Exposition shall have done all this, it is at least a local success. It, of course, has, done more. I hope it has opened the eyes of some Americans to the very formidable rivalry of Germany, Hungary, of Italy and of Russia, in arts and manufactures. We are proud of our wonderful prosperity and of the fact that the last year has eclipsed all others by about \$360,000,000 in foreign trade, enabling us for the first time to write \$2,600,000,000. But this need not blind us to the fact that the percentage or rate of progress from year to year in some other countries has been greater than in our own. Our competitors are not sleeping, and our greatest danger today is that we will spend too much energy in self-gratification.

In one essential particular our competitors in many European countries have great advantage over us. They know three or four languages and their travelling salesmen are at home in Mexico, South America, Central Asia and Africa, talking with the native merchant in his own language, having ten times as much fun and doing twice as much business as our poor American drummers who know only English and who must use pad, pencil and pantomime, in introducing their goods. The old idea that native American wit is equal to any emergency and can cope successfully with the polite and polyglot German or Russian is very silly. A little indeed will go infinitely further than wit, as any American from Cuban Potosi, or the Philippines will tell us; moreover, the impression that Americans have a monopoly of wit or business shrewdness survives only with those who have not traveled. French, German and Spanish ought to be taught our youth in the public schools. The Governments of Europe have special schools for the training of their consular and commercial agents. They make a special study of the wants, tastes, prejudices, manners and habits of peoples beyond the seas. They go among them with an equipment that is never required by Americans except in the enormously expensive school of experience.

How does this Exposition compare with Chicago? It is about the same size, has more restaurants and fake shows, is much more European or cosmopolitan and immensely more French than Chicago. It cost fifty cents to pass the gates at Chicago, here it costs only ten or twelve cents, the price of tickets varying slightly from day to day. The people who attend this Exposition, the mass of them, are evidently not as well to do, as well dressed or as intelligent as those who were at Chicago. The great majority of them are from the city of Paris. The cheap entrance fee makes the Exposition accessible to thousands, who, if the fare were a franc or twenty cents, would stay away. As a result, the poorer classes—had almost said the paper classes—flock to the show on Sundays and free days and one sees how much there is of shabbiness, grotesqueness, poverty and paucity beneath the glitzing in this great center where fashion sits upon her throne and dictates style to all the world. Here, amid all the splendors of the Exposition, one sees the actual squalor and ragged side of the modes de Paris.

Of the architectural beauty of the Paris Exposition too much cannot be said. The splendor of its palaces reflects in the eyes of all beholders. So fair an arrangement of buildings as may be seen from the Champs Elysees to the Jardins, or, better still, from the Trocadero to the Champ de Mars, could only be achieved by one country and that country France. For the French architects understand the value not only of pillars and pediments, but of space; and there is not a single pavilion whose beauty is not enhanced by its setting.

Now need the most exotic taste lack satisfaction. Within the walls of this vast Exhibition there is interest and entertainment for all. By day you may study the arts and industries of all countries and of all time. By night you may wander in an enchanted garden of the "Arabian Nights," in which no tree is without its jewel of light, no pathway without its mysterious shadow.

His Duty.

"That tall man seems to be the busiest person around the establishment. What does he do?"

"It is his duty to see whether the others are working or not."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Man's Wisdom.

Maude. Isn't the man you are engaged to a speculator? Clara. No, indeed! He's a financier. Maude. How do you know?

Clara. He didn't buy the engagement ring until after I had accepted him.—Chicago News.

Terrible.

She—Has your friend long been bald? He looks so young!

He (pathetically)—He was born so. She (much moved)—The poor thing!

The Pennsylvania statement for the first half of 1900, showing a gain of over \$12,000,000 in gross and \$5,000,000 in the net foreshows an increase in the dividend rate next November to 6 percent. As a per cent, stock, earning twice as much, it would easily tell above 15%.

"Is that young man in the parlor with Maude still?" asked her father suddenly looking up from his paper. "Very still," replied her mother.

CASTORIA.
Dear the
Signature
of
Char. H. Hiltner.

PEERAGES GO BEGGING.

A Thousand British Titles Awaiting Claimants, But No Estates Go with Them.

As one result of the queen's visit to Ireland the report has been circulated that it is her intention to revive an ancient Irish title to which a claim has been made by a Chicagoan. Incidentally this brings out the fact that over 1,000 British coronets are awaiting heirs that can prove their right to wear them, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That some of these titles are rightfully the heritage of some of the leading families in the United States, authorities express little doubt; and probably there is more than one unconscious citizen in comparatively humble circumstances whose name is entitled to a prefixed curl or a coronet.

Beyond this, however, a possible claimant must look rather to expand money than to the inheritance of vast estates, as by the British statute of limitations all such have long since either passed beyond reclaim into private hands or lapsed into possession of the crown. It was recently officially stated that the largest sum of money held by the court of chancery awaiting heirs was only a little over \$200,000. In this connection perhaps the strangest story told within a recent period is that of the ancient barony of Belhaven. In the middle of the century a coal miner of Laneshire, Scotland, named Watson, found it necessary to occasionally visit a pawnbroker's establishment in Glasgow, with whose clerk he became upon intimate terms. In the course of several chats the clerk, among other circumstances of his life indicated that he believed himself to be the lawful heir to the barony of Belhaven, then about to fall into abeyance through the anticipated death of the childless holder of the title.

At the time this information did not particularly interest the hardworking miner, who, in due course, commencing to find his way up to a better position, ceased his visits to the pawnbroker, and consequently lost sight of the friendly clerk. Fifteen years passed away, and the miner in the earth found himself instead the employer of thousands of miners. By his own ability he had become one of the greatest coal property owners in the west of Scotland. He was a millionaire many times over, and, naturally, then turned his thoughts toward social advancement—not perhaps so much for himself as for the sake of his sons and daughters. He was particularly anxious that the latter should marry into the Scotch aristocracy. With all his wealth this was a difficult matter to accomplish in a land where pride of birth and democratic sentiment strangely enough go hand in hand. It is not easy for a self-made native to form an alliance with a Douglas or a Campbell, who stands near the chieftain of the clan. Pondering over these matters he recollects the story of the pawnbroker's clerk. The title of Belhaven was one of the most famous in Scottish history. Perhaps, after all, the clerk was the rightful heir, as he bore the family name of Hamilton.

Further reflection determined him to discover if his old acquaintance was still alive. This he succeeded in doing, finding the clerk still in much the same position. Mr. Watson again heard the story, and, apparently being satisfied of its genuineness, made what must have seemed to the clerk a startling proposition. Mr. Watson agreed to find the money to put forward the claim to the title, which, if proved valid, he would then endow with an income of \$60,000 a year, provided the new peer would undertake to marry one of his (Mr. Watson's) daughters.

Needless to say, the clerk was willing to fall in with such plans, and, after an expensive suit, judgment was rendered by the house of lords in the appellant's favor. Then Lord Belhaven married Miss Watson, and entered upon a life of novel splendor, in which everything was embazoned with coronets. It is doubtful, however, if he enjoyed much greater happiness, for he was more than once heard to express a longing for a finan haddock or a dish of halibut in place of the elaborate menus of Garmock.

It was Mr. Watson's natural ambition to be able to speak of a grandson as the future Lord Belhaven, but fate took little heed of the desire of the millionaire, ironically blessing the noble couple with seven daughters in succession, but never a son and heir.

Thus when Lord Belhaven died a year or two ago the title passed away to another branch of the family, though Mr. Watson's disappointment may have been somewhat assuaged by being shortly after created a baronet, and from the reflection that he may yet live to take another step and become himself a peer.

A Mangled Memory.

"I'm just aching to have those war dispatches mention some of the dear old Chinese names that were so familiar to me when I frequented my crude little geography in the old red brick school house on the hill."

"What names?"

"Why, Yangtze-Kiang and Hoangho, and— and Irrawaddy, and— and Passanayuddy, and— and Tambigbee, and— and Memprenagang, and— and, yes, Belochistan, and Spencatiles, and—"

"Well, good-day, I'll see you later."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To Shame Him.

Mrs. Gable—Mrs. Phoxy seems to exercise a peculiar influence over her husband.

Mrs. Noah Tall—She does. She has preserved an alleged poem he wrote when he was a young man, and whenever he gets obstreperous she threatens to read it to him.—Philadelphia Press.

"I see that a woman doctor in China says that only one woman in one thousand is fit to bring up children." "I'll bet she thinks she is one of the ones."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Snarley. What a strange shaped room! All slopes toward the center.

Now, just a little scheme of mine. When I drop a collar button, I know just where it'll roll.

PUBLIC LAWS, PASSED AT THE JANUARY SESSION, 1900.

The Chapters of the Public Laws are numbered continuously from the General Laws, Revision of 1899.

CHAPTER 388.

AN ACT Defining the Legal Weights of Certain Commodities in the State of Rhode Island. (Passed May 1, 1900.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows: Section 1. The legal weights of certain commodities in the State of Rhode Island shall be as follows:

A bushel of apples shall weigh 45 lbs.

A bushel of apples, dried, shall weigh 25 lbs.

A bushel of apples dried shall weigh 40 lbs.

A bushel of barley shall weigh 45 lbs.

A bushel of beans, dried, shall weigh 60 lbs.

A bushel of beans, dried, shall weigh 45 lbs.

A bushel of beans, dried, shall weigh 55 lbs.

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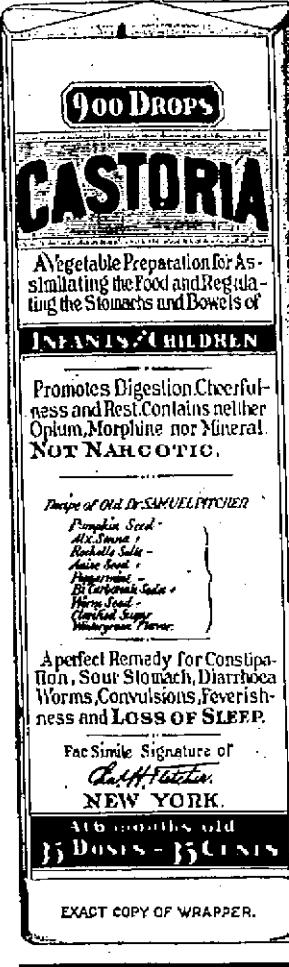
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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature
of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Difference Between Them.

"Japanese babies look so much like Japanese dolls that it must be hard to distinguish between them."

"Why, it's easy enough. Japanese dolls cry when you punch them, and Japanese babies never cry at all."

—Chicago Record.

A Noble Son-in-Law.

"The jewels which my daughter received from her husband as a wedding present cost no less than one thousand dollars."

"Do you know it so precisely?"

"Naturally; I had to pay for it myself afterward." —Biegende Blätter.

No Rivals.

"Why does Miss Pusey go to that deserted little country place year after year?"

"Because no other women go there, and they call her 'the summer girl.'

So They Stayed at Home.

—Triumphant—How is it that you didn't go on your vacation?

—Triumphant—Took all the money to pay for the clothes my wife bought to go away with, so we stayed at home.

Antiques.

Mr. Oldtime—Yes, these candlesticks are a hundred years old, this pitcher two hundred.

Mrs. Oldtime (bitterly)—And even the hat I have on is five years old.

Not Intimate.

"Do you know her?"

"Oh, easily. Engaged to her last summer."

Had a Right to.

Cable Car Gripman (to conductor)—Look out, Jim, they say an old man just fell off at the rear.

Conductor (ringing up)—That's all right. He paid his fare.

It Depends.

"Is that man who just gave you a cigar a friend of yours?"

"I can tell you after I have smoked it."

"You had a lot of visitors last week, didn't you?"

"Yes, but when they went home we sent our three daughters back with them." —Chicago Record.

INDEX WASHINGTON

MINING STOCKS.

BUNKER HILL - SULLIVAN

AT 15 CTS. PER SHARE

IS A SURE WINNER.

Write today if you want to Make Money.

JOSHUA T. NOWELL

601 Stock Exchange Building Boston, Mass.

Just One Sample Ton of

Jeddo Lehigh Coal

Will prove its superiority over all other Lehigh Coals when you test it in your Greenhouse or Furnace. You don't get up in the morning and find furnace or stove has consumed all its contents. It will burn longer, without clinkering, than any other coal in this market. Lorberry, Lykens Valley and Pittston White and Red Ash Coals always in stock.

The GARDNER B. REYNOLDS CO.

Opposite Post Office, and Stearns' Wharf.
Assistance given to Farmers in Loading.



Resented the Distinction.

David J. Hill, the First Assistant Secretary of State, is one of the most important younger members of the administration set. He has an interesting, keen personality that makes him noticeable even in such an assemblage.

And his children are interesting. Their mother is a daughter of the late Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, millionaire and well known railroad man. The children are twins, a girl and a boy.

Mr. Hill has been going through a good bit of teasing concerning his small daughter's recent behavior.

The pair always have been dressed alike to a detail. Their love for each other is intense, and no one dares give one without giving to the other.

Each has toys alike, eats from similar chairs off of twin plates.

Their beds are copies of each other in the nursery, and the nurse lives in daily fear that she will unconsciously prefer one before the other.

Thus they lived until recently, when the blow fell.

Mr. Hill decided that it was time to put the boy in trousers. The suit was made, and the boy started out in it one morning and proclaimed himself a man. The girl could not be found until the nurse came down with terrible tales. The girl would not be comforted. She was shivering with anger and grief. She refused to put on her girl clothes and wanted to know why she wasn't dressed like her brother. The Hills were aghast no such development had been thought of. Mr. Hill, the diplomat, went upstairs, and after an hour's fight came down worsted. Nothing availed.

The second day the girl grew sick, and every sight of her brother caused an outbreak. Matters grew so bad that the family doctor was called in, and his prescription was, "Trousers for the girl."

Mr. Hill wouldn't hear of it, but the girl got so much worse that the tailor was called in and an entire suit was made for her like the boy's.

She got well at once, and the two are dressed exactly alike every morning and kept in the house.

They are gradually persuading her to put on skirts in the afternoon when she is taken for her walk.

The Wrong Leg.

"Maammy!" cried the editor's boy, rushing in excitedly. "Dad's just been run over by the railroad-train!"

"Why?" said the mother, "how kin you say that, when yonder he comes, bump' along as usual?"

Sure enough, he was coming, and when he got in he sat down and said, dejectedly:

"It was my wooden leg, Maria. Three wheels passed over it, and only took off four inches, and I can't get no accident policy, nor sue the damned road for damages!"

A Ready Retort.

Otherwise, the comedian, was extremely sensitive to interruption of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out: "Hi, you, sir, do you know there is another net?"

The elder however was equal to the occasion, he turned to the actor and answered, cheerfully: "Oh, yes—that's why I'm going."

His Last Request.

The Captain.—"There is no hope! We are lost! It is now half past two; within an hour we will be at the bottom of the sea."

Ratkoopsky.—"Couldn't you manage to sink her by three o'clock, captain? I owe Eisenberg a hundred dollars on a note due to-day, and if she goes down before to-morrow, it lets me out of paying it, see?"

How He Was Paid.

"Your a nice lad," remarked the minister to a boy who was chopping wood.

"Does mother give you anything for chopping firewood?"

"No," replied the boy, with a meaning look, "but I get something if I don't do it!"

After The Ball.

Mrs. Wedderly (unmasking).—"Oh, but didn't I fool you, though! You had no idea you were flirting with your wife all the evening."

Mrs. Wedderly—"No, I hadn't. You were so very agreeable I was completely deceived."

Meant to Be Thoughtful.

"Good gracious, child, you're dripping wet!"

"Yes, mother; I fell into the pond."

"With your new clothes on, too!"

"I'm sorry, mama, but I didn't have time to take them off!"

Physical Resources.

"After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for forty minutes without pulling up his hook," said the traveler, "I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught."

"No, sir, I reckon not," he replied.

"But you seem to be fishing."

"Yes, sir."

"But perhaps you are not fishing for fish?"

"I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but as he did not, I finally asked him what particular object he had in view."

"De olelek, sal," he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole—deobjek of my fishing for fish what dero hain't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch!" —Washington Post.

Eclipsed.

The wild redman stood on the mountain bowlder.

"Wah! wah! wah! w-w-wah!" and the blood-curdling war cry went roaring down the valley. Out of a camp tent emerged a young man. His hair was long and his sweater was orange.

"Sis! boom! wah! haw! haw! haw!" answered the young man. "The wild redman retreated.

Properly Interpreted.

She was radiantly happy as she passed into the ballroom after paying her respects to the hostess.

"How do you do, my dear?" the latter had said to her. "I hope you do not feel as weary as you look."

"Ah!" exclaimed the fair woman affectionately, communing with herself, "how charming I must look tonight!" —Philadelphia Press.

Intended to be Funny.

"Will you give me a kiss, Johnny?" asked a spuster of a five-year-old.

"No, indeed," replied Johnny.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Cause if I did, the next thing you would be asking me to marry you," was the unexpected reply. —Buffalo Commercial.

Her Wish.

Mother-in-law (angrily)—I wish I had a million dollars.

Son-in-law—Why, mama?

Mother-in-law—So I could disinherit you.

"Perhaps you can tell me," remarked the exchange editor, taking another vicious lunge with his shears at the helpless paper he was dissecting, "perhaps you can tell me how the water gets into the melon."

"Blamed yon know," replied the answer-to-correspondents man. "Wrong," replied the exchange editor. "They plant the seeds in the spring."

"What have they done?"

"Well, I can't be just sure, but it looks to me as if they had been out waiting for the crops at night just to spoil our chances!" —Chicago Post.

Seads—What's become of your pretty typewriter?

Trayder—She and the bookkeeper both left me very suddenly.

Seads—For good?

Trayder—No. "For better, for worse," I believe. —Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA.

Bear's Tea. 900 Drops. Best.

Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Opposite Post Office, and Stearns' Wharf.

Assistance given to Farmers in Loading.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Costs less than One Cent a cup.

Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicous.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Subduing a Wild Horse.

The only reason why Hamlin Garrison's accounts of plath and prairie life of men and things in the far west are accepted as authentic is that he has been through it all. In The Eagle's Head, which is now appearing in the Saturday Evening Post, he gives the following account of how a horse was subdued:

"Mose refused to allow his shiloh, proud-necked stallion to be roped and thrown, and asked the boys to help drive him into a strong corral, together with five or six other horses. This was done, and stripping himself as for a race, Mose entered the corral and began wading round and round, following the exalted animals. Hour after hour he kept this steady circling walk, till the other horses were weary. Klintock ceased to snort, till the blaze of excitement passed out of his eyes, till he walked with a wondering, halting gait, as if to ask: 'Two-legged creature, why do you so persistently follow me?'

"The cowboys jested at first, but after a time they began to marvel at the dogged walk of the youth. They gathered about the walls of the corral and laid bets on the outcome. At the end of the third hour Klintock walked with a mechanical air, Mose having allowed him to approach him closely, almost near enough to be touched. At the end of the fourth hour he allowed Mose to lay his hand on his nose, and Mose betted him and went to dinner. Odds stood in Mose's favor as he returned with dust. At last, when all the other horses had been turned loose, Klintock, trembling and with a curious stare in his eyes, again allowed Mose to lay his hand on his nose. He shrank away, but did not wince. It was sunset, and the horse was not merely bewildered; he was physically tired. The touch of his master's hand over his eyes seemed to subdue him, to take away his will. When Mose turned to walk away the horse followed him as though drawn by some magnet force, and the herders looked at each other in amazement. Thereafter he had but to be accustomed to the bridle and saddle. He had come to love his master."

Two Corrections.

From the Bowersville Courier: In our last week's issue the types made us say that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meeker, our popular butcher and spouse, were "summerset" at Bleezecliff-by-the-River. It should have read "summerset."

Later—The proprietor of Bleezecliff, etc., has just called and tried to whip the editor. As a result of this encounter the hotel man is in the hospital and the above correction is rendered null and void. "Summerset" is the correct word. We will tell the truth, let the chips fall where they may.—Baltimore American.

Not a Fault Finder.

"You are not one of these men who find fault with the cooking at home?"

"No," answered Mr. Meeker; "I didn't exactly find fault, but occasionally I do feel called on to apologize for the way things taste when Henrietta gets home from the club. You see, I never could learn to make good coffee."

A Brave Woman.

"Women often show more fortitude than men," remarked the thoughtful man

Society of Colonial Wars.

The fifth general court was held at the Casino last Monday. In the absence of the governor of the Society Gen. Hunter C. White, ex-Gov. V. Mott Francis presided. Among those present were Secretary Henry P. Rose, Chancellor Hamilton B. Tompkins, Prof. W. H. Monroe, Treasurer George C. Nightingale, ex-Gov. Dr. V. Mott Francis, Surgeon Dr. G. H. Kenyon, Mr. Amory Austin and Registrar R. Hammatt Tilley.

After the business of the meeting was transacted the following able historic paper was read by Mr. Hamilton B. Tompkins, the Chancellor of the Society, on

King Philip and His Contemporaries.

On this anniversary of the death of one of the most noted of the aboriginal Rhode Islanders, we think it fitting to recall again some of the causes of the war, of which he was largely the centre, and to refer to the accounts of his tragic death, as given by the various historians, who have preserved to posterity the narrative of the stirring events, in which King Philip played a most important part.

The principal cause which led to what is known as King Philip's War was the encroachment of the English upon the lands of the Indians. Philip recognized the impracticality of any joint occupancy of the lands, and pushed his preparations as diligently as possible, and hostilities were commenced, and the war opened by an attack upon the inhabitants of Swansea as they were returning from church, on the 26th of June, 1675.

It is not the purpose of this paper to follow the fortunes of Philip, or give an account of the war (which was so ably done by our historian last year), as it was waged for the next thirteen months, but after the defeat which the Indians had suffered, Philip, with all who would follow him, as a last resort, returned to Pokanoket. On July 11, 1676, he attempted to surprise Taunton, but was repulsed. He then retreated himself at Pocasset. On the 21st of July, Captain Benjamin Church, who on the 24th of the same month, had been especially commissioned by Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, to raise a force "to discover, pursue, fight, surprise, destroy, or subdue our Indian enemies," attacked Philip, and although many of his warriors were killed, Philip himself escaped. The Indian that did this execution was called Alderman of Sakonnet, that had never done any act of hostility against the English.

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The immediate occasion of the outbreak of the war may be said to have been the murder of Sassamon, and the subsequent execution by Plymouth of the Indians who had killed him. John Sassamon, or, according to Hubbard, Sa-sa-mon, was the son of a Wampanoag Indian, who, with his wife and family, lived in Dorchester. They had been taught by Rev. John Eliot, and professed the Christian faith. Their son John was the pupil of Mr. Eliot and is also said to have attended the College at Cambridge. He was made a teacher among the Christian Indians at Natick, but owing to some misdemeanor he returned to the Wampanoags, where he became secretary and interpreter to Philip, to whom he was a most valuable assistant and trusted adviser. He was afterwards prevailed upon to return to Natick, where he became a preacher, at the same time preserving friendly relations with Philip and his tribe. In 1672-3 he was at Natick, as preacher among the Indians, whose chief was Tuspaequin, Sachem of Assawammon (Middleborough), and whose daughter Sa-sa-mon had married. While there he discovered that a plot was in progress, extending among many tribes, to extirpate or drive away the English settlers from the country. This plot Sassamon disclosed to the Plymouth authorities and Philip was summoned to Plymouth to answer the charge. At this examination, while

nothing positive could be proved against Philip, he was released, yet Philip found by the evidence that Sa-sa-mon had betrayed him, and he was condemned to death by Philip and his council. This sentence was carried out January 29, 1674-5, while Sassamon was thrashing through the ice upon Assawammon Pond (Middleborough). His murderers were arrested by the authorities at Plymouth, and it was discovered that the deed was done by order of Philip. The Indians were tried in March, 1673, and the principal actor, and his accomplice, were executed as murderers on the 8th of June following, while the son of one of them, who was present at the murder but took no part in the crime, was reprieved for a month and then shot.

After the execution of the first two, on the 8th of June, Philip made no further concealment as to his plans, and pushed his preparations as diligently as possible, and hostilities were commenced, and the war opened by an attack upon the inhabitants of Swansea as they were returning from church, on the 26th of June, 1675.

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Indians in New England, from the first planting thereof, in the year 1637, to the present year, 1675. But chiefly of the late troubles of the last two years, 1675 and 1676. To which is added a discourse about the War with the Pequods in the year 1637, by W. Hubbard, Minister of Ipswich.

Printed by John Foster, 1677.

Hubbard says, speaking of Church, "For coming very early to the side of the swamp his soldiers began presently to surround it, and whether the Devil appeared to Philip in a dream that night as he did unto Saul forboding his tragic end (it may not be), as he intended to make his escape out of the swamp, he was shot through the heart by an Indian of his own nation, as is said that had all this while kept himself in a neutrality until this time, but now had the casting vote in his power, by which he determined the quarrel that had held so long in suspense. In him is fulfilled what was said by the prophet, 'Woe to thee that spelight, and thou was not spoiled, and dealest treacherously with me. When thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously with thee!'" Isa. 33. 1.

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Passing on the mirthful account, with their scriptural usages and plough ejaculations, we now turn to the more circumstantial and detailed narrative given by Capt. Church himself. His book is entitled "From a Long Passage relating to Philip's War," which began in the month of June, 1675, and was also of a edition more lately made against the Convent Enemy and Indian Rebels, in the eastern parts of New England, with some account of the divine Providence towards Benj. Church, Esq., by T. C. Boston, printed by B. Green in the year 1716.

Capt. Church says of the origin of the war, as follows: "And having my minutes by me, my son has taken the care and pains to collect from them the ensuing narrative of many passages relating to the former and later wars, which I have had the pleasure of, and find nothing amiss to the truth of it, *** and seeing every particle of historical truth is precious, I hope the reader will pass a favorable censure upon an old soldier, telling of the many Ram-Counters he has had, and yet is come off alive." The book was printed in Boston in 1716, about a year before Church's death. Having become very rare it was reprinted here in Newport by Solomon Southwick, in 1772, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Stiles.

But to King Philip. The author says: "Captain Church had been at Plymouth, *** and came with his volunteers through the woods to Pocasset, and not seeing our hearing of any of the enemy they went over the ferry to Rhode Island to refresh themselves. The captain, with a half dozen of his company, took horse and rode about eight miles down the Island to Mr. Sandford's, where he had left his wife. They soon spied two horsemen coming a great pace. Capt. Church told his company that those men (by their riding) come with tidings." When they came up they proved to be Major Sandford and Capt. Golding, who immediately asked Capt. Church what he would give to hear some news of Philip. He replied that was what he wanted; they told him they had rid hard with some hopes of overtaking him, and were now come on purpose to inform him that there was just now tidings from Mount Hope Neck. An Indian came down from thence where Philip's camp now was, to Sandy Point, overagainst Trip's, and hallooed, and made signs to be fetched over. He reported that he was fled from Philip who (said he) had killed my brother just before I came away for giving some advice that displeased him; and said he was fled for fear of meeting with the same fate his brother had met with. Told them also that Philip was now in Mount Hope Neck. Capt. Church thanked them for their good news and said he hoped by tomorrow morning to have the rogue's head. The horses that he and his company came on standing at the door, *** they immediately mounted, set spurs to their horses and away. *** They were soon at Trip's Ferry (with Captain Church's company), where the deserter was. He was a fellow of good sense, and told his story handsomely. He offered Capt. Church to pilot him to Philip, and to help kill him that he might avenge his brother's death. Told him that Philip was now upon a little spot of land that was in the south end of the tiny swamp just at the foot of the Mount, which was a spot of ground that Captain Church was brought up as a monument of revenging justice, his head being cut off and carried away to Plymouth, his hands were brought to Boston. So that all these enemies perish, O Lord."

"This," says Arnold, "the historian of Rhode Island, "is the preamble of a declaration of war, more striking from its origin and more true in its statements than any with which he is acquainted. It is," he adds, "the mournful summary of accumulated wrongs that cry aloud for battle, not for revenge alone, but for the very existence of the oppressed. It is the god note of preparation sounded by a royal leader, that summons to their last strife the aboriginal lords of New England. It is the death song of Metacomet, chanted on the site of his ancestral home, before plunging into the fatal conflict which was to end only with his life, and to seal forever the fortunes of his race."

The immediate occasion of the outbreak of the war may be said to have been the murder of Sassamon, and the subsequent execution by Plymouth of the Indians who had killed him. John Sassamon, or, according to Hubbard, Sa-sa-mon, was the son of a Wampanoag Indian, who, with his wife and family, lived in Dorchester. They had been taught by Rev. John Eliot, and professed the Christian faith. Their son John was the pupil of Mr. Eliot and is also said to have attended the College at Cambridge. He was made a teacher among the Christian Indians at Natick, but owing to some misdemeanor he returned to the Wampanoags, where he became secretary and interpreter to Philip, to whom he was a most valuable assistant and trusted adviser. He was afterwards prevailed upon to return to Natick, where he became a preacher, at the same time preserving friendly relations with Philip and his tribe. In 1672-3 he was at Natick, as preacher among the Indians, whose chief was Tuspaequin, Sachem of Assawammon (Middleborough), and whose daughter Sa-sa-mon had married.

While there he discovered that a plot was in progress, extending among many tribes, to extirpate or drive away the English settlers from the country. This plot Sassamon disclosed to the Plymouth authorities and Philip was summoned to Plymouth to answer the charge. At this examination, while

those of the enemy told him also that his custom in the like case was to keep with his company on their bellies, until they came as near as they could, and that as soon as the enemy discovered them they would cry out, and that was the word for his men to fire and fall on. Directed him that when the enemy should start and take into the swamp they should pursue with speed, even man shouting and making what noise he could; for he would give orders to his ambuscade to fire on any that should come silently.

Captain Church, knowing that it was Philip's custom to be foremost in the fight, went down to the swamp and gave Captain Williams, of Sett, the command of the right wing of the ambuscade, and placed an Englishman and an Indian together behind such shelter of trees, etc., as he could find, and took care to place them at such distance that none might pass undiscovered between them; charged them to be careful of themselves and of hunting their friends, and to lie at any that should come silently through the swamp. Having placed what men he had, he took Major Sandford by the hand and said, "Sir, I have so placed them that it is scarce possible Philip should escape them." The same moment a shot whistled over their heads and then the noise of gun was heard from Philip's camp. Captain Church at first thought it might be some gun fired by accident, but before he could speak, a whole volley followed, which was earlier than he expected. One of Philip's guns going forth to east himself, when he had done looked around him and Captain Golding thought the Indian looked right at him, (though probably it was but his conceit) so fired at him; and upon his heads the whole company that were with him fired upon the enemy's shelter before the Indians had time to rise from their sleep, and so overshot them. But their shelter was opened on that side next the swamp, built so on purpose for the convenience of flight on occasion. They were soon in the swamp and Philip the foremost, who starting at the first gun, threw his pettum and powder horn over his head, caught up his gun, and ran as fast as he could scamp, without any more clothes than his small breeches and stockings, and ran directly upon two of Capt. Church's embuscade. They let him come fair within shot, and the Englishman's gun missing fire, he bid the Indian the way through the swamp, and then Captain Church informed him of his exploit, who commanded him to be silent about it, and let no man more know it until they had driven the swamp clean. But when they had driven the swamp thro, and found most of the enemy had escaped, the whole company met together at the place where the enemy